

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon;
Where, oh! where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meet
A hundred years ago?
The merriment of
The merriment of
The merriment of
The merriment of

Where, oh! where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they that living wept
A hundred years ago?

By other men
That knew not them
Their hands are filled—
Their graves are filled—
Yet nature there was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

From the New York Mercury.

Through the Shadows.

BY COL. A. B. HOWELL.

"And this is your final decision?"

"It is."

The full, lustrous eyes looked unwaveringly into his; there was no sign of tremor in the ripe, curving lips.

"I thought I loved a true woman. I find that I am mistaken," said Rayne Boughton, bitterly. "You are as false—"

Her gesture was half entreaty, half command.

"Spare your comment; this conversation is distasteful to me. Let us end it."

Rayne Boughton bowed coldly and turned away. She watched him as he went down the walk, his proud head thrown back, every motion expressing powerful manhood, tense and nerve by sudden controlling passion.

Flame-colored leaves floated slowly down; the sunbeams danced gaily upon the path; and in the yellow-robed, huge, old maple a gray squirrel chattered shrilly; but he took no notice of them. At the gate only he turned and saw her watching him.

He lifted his hat, mockingly bowed low, and strode firmly down the road.

With a choking eye and dimmed eyes, Hope Warton turned, and fled to the privacy of her room.

"O Charlie, Charlie!" she moaned, "what have you done? Must I lose all now—all joy, hope, love? God! how I have thirsted for love! how I have hungered for some one who should absorb every feeling, emotion, and give equal passion in return! And to lose it now, after years of waiting; to go back to the husks and poverty of divided hearts, to feel the bitterness of a lonely, solitary existence! Heaven! it is more than I can bear."

She wrung her hands despairingly. The pride that had sustained her was all gone now. She was a woman, wretched, solitary, stripped of woman's primest need—love.

"And to be condemned by him! Looked upon as false, trifling, guilty! Condemned, and yet unable to reveal the truth! But I am true, Rayne Boughton—true as life!"

She looked up proudly through her tears. She was no weak-hearted, sentimental girl, Hope Warton; but a glorious woman—resolute and assertive. After that first concession to suffering womanhood, she put aside weakness, and was Hope Warton again.

Thirty-four years had crowned her with queenly grace—a form full rounded, and commanding, a regal head, and a truthful, noble face.

Weak, presuming dandies had dashed their vanity against her self-reliant nature, and pronounced her heartless; strong, noble men had caught glimpses of her true worth and nature, and gone sorrowfully away because they were unable to stir its deepest impulses; and at thirty-four she was Hope Warton still.

But Rayne Boughton that summer in the country had gained what many longed for. Hope Warton found in him what her heart craved, and her surrender was complete and entire.

It seemed like a dream to her that this man—courtier, flatterer and honored by his fellows—should come and lay at her feet, honors, fame, heart, and supreme love. In return she yielded her most perfect love; all the longing of lonely years found complete satisfaction in his love, every thought, feeling, emotion, and desire in him.

Hope Warton's nature was proud, strong; and like all self-reliant natures, when she succumbed, her submission was perfect and total.

Quietly entering the shaded parlorsome days before, she heard voices on the piazza—Rayne Boughton conversing with his friend, Frank Wilbur.

"I would never marry a poor girl," said Rayne; "I should always distrust her love, and fear that she married for money. To retain my love a woman must be beyond suspicion."

Hope Warton laughed softly. "Dear Rayne," she said to herself, "you can never suspect me of doing that. My fortune is large enough to make me independent of that consideration."

How carelessly she heard the words then! How unimportant to her they seem! But how chillingly they come back afterward!

How cruelly she remembered them when Charlie—fair-haired, iridescent, dissipated Charlie, resemblance of his weak mother—her only brother, wrote to her from the fashionable resort where he was sojourning with his helpless baby-wife that his fortune was gone, that he was penniless. And worse still—alas unfaithful to his trust, and the fortune of an orphan-ward intrusted to his care was squandered.

Weak, selfish Charlie, how earnestly he implored her to relieve him! His trust must be accounted for; exposure was at hand, would she not save him? Give him her fortune, he wrote, and he could escape exposure, restore the trust, and be safe. He would care for her afterward; she should not want; he could work for her, beg, do anything—only save him, spare his helpless wife the shame.

Hope Warton's whole nature rebelled; a spirit of justice burned within her.

"He has sinned," she said; "let him suffer. Why should I bear the burden of his faults? Give up my fortune!"

How terribly Rayne Boughton's words came back! how they rang in her ears, and made her brain whirl!

"Never!" she said, "never! I will not sacrifice all to him; he shall not strip my life of all hope and love."

Memory made her pause. There came back to her that final scene, when a gentle, dying mother bade her be a mother to the wayward boy who knelt by her side. Again she saw the light of peace and rest come into those troubled eyes as she promised. She had been faithful to her charge; should she desert him now?

Bitter was the conflict, but Hope Warton conquered. She put the woman under foot, and was the strong heart again.

"I will save you, Charlie; God help me," she said. "The path of duty may be bitter, but its end is bright."

Rayne Boughton wondered at her cold, constrained air at the breakfast-table next morning. If he could only have known the fire that was raging in her heart!

She joined him on the lawn after breakfast, as he stood looking dreamily up into the dancing leaves of a bright-limed maple. What she said she knew not; she only knew that she stood before him cold, calm, decisive, and asked him to release her from her engagement.

She gave no reason, assigned no cause; she wished to be free—that was all. Would he release her?

No outward sign of emotion, no trace of the fierce conflict within, no evidence of a tortured and quivering heart was visible. Her voice was calm and even, her manner firm, and self-possessed.

And Rayne Boughton, manlike, suspected not the anguish within, the wild longings struggling for utterance, the bitter agony of her throbbing, bursting heart. He saw only a woman tired of her conversation, anxious to shake off her irksome bonds, that she might devote to the ensnarement of some other the heartless excitement which he could no longer afford.

His heart had been the plaything of her fancy, his love won but to be cast aside; he had served her vain purpose and was useless now. Why should she be fettered longer?

After the first sharp, cruel throbs of agony his pride rose supreme. He was not one to sue for unwilling favor. She cast his love coldly, contemptuously aside; why should he plead for its continuance! Pride concealed his grief; his indignation alone was visible.

And thus they parted, and one week later Rayne Boughton was on his way to Europe, to bury in foreign travel the sense of his great loss. Hope Warton had deceived him; what woman could he afterwards trust!

Hope Warton's disappearance from the fashionable world furnished the gossip of a few days and then was forgotten. Life has too many activities; each heart too

many purposes and desires of its own to long heed the fall of another.

Bravely she took up the cross uncomplainingly bore it. No useless sorrow, no fretful complainings marred the worth of her sacrifice. The past had been a sweet dream; it had vanished, but she could thank God for its memory.

After every dollar had been honorably repaid, a small sum remained to them—enough, in the hands of an earnest, prudent man, to be the basis of future independence.

But Charlie was not such a man. His indolent and luxurious habits overcame all manly resolves. Weak, vacillating, he was a burden instead of an aid. His own capacity made him reckless; he could not bear the silent rebuke of Hope's manner, more cutting than angry words.

In senseless riotings he squandered their slender store; in drunken revellings degraded still more his weak womanhood. Drunkard, loafer, a whining suppliant for drink, and then the separation came. The brother was a fugitive from justice; his helpless wife and new-born babe dependent on the efforts of the strong-hearted sister.

And this was the end of Hope Warton's sacrifice—made more bitter by its uselessness. This was the result of her agony, so shameful and yet purchased at how terrible a cost! No wonder her strong heart trembled, no wonder her noble spirit bowed for a moment. But with unrepining lips she took up life's weary load and carried it bravely onward.

And how often thus? Life's purest deeds, humanity's noblest actions, produce here only bitterness and sorrow. But beyond? Earth has no honors fitted to crown them; their reward is in heaven.

The evening breeze blew softly through the opened windows of a Southern hospital. It lifted the swaying covers of pure white, spread the odors of newly-gathered flowers, and toyed lovingly with the golden curls of a sufferer who lay babbling softly to himself in the wanderings of fever.

Rayne Boughton, walking slowly up the aisle, between the long rows of snowily-draped beds, paused to listen. He had never seen that face before, and yet there was something strangely familiar in it. Something in the arching brows, in the graceful curve of the busy lips, in the tones of the voice, called up slumbering memories in his heart, bitter memories that he thought had been forever put to rest.

"Unknown," said the attendant, in answer to Rayne Boughton's questioning look. "He cannot live much longer, the fever will reach its height to-night, and he is too much broken down to rally. Tomorrow morning he will be dead."

Rayne returned sadly to the patient. The fair hair was damp with sweat, the blue eyes flashing with fever-light, the restless tongue busy with wandering words.

He raved wildly of guilty drunken scenes, of fierce brawls, and wild revels. Then he was a fugitive, wretched, despairing, imploring in frantic words his pursuers not to slay him.

A softer look came into the wild eyes; there was a mournful entreaty in the lowered tone.

"Nellie, dear Nellie, come to me. I am waiting, waiting for you and baby. Will you never come? They lied, Nellie, I did not desert you. I am waiting, darling. Will you not come?"

His tone was inexpressibly tender and pleading.

"And Hope, brave, strong, true Hope, you will not desert me? Where are you, Hope? Come to me. They said you were to be married, Hope; but he left you when you became poor. It was not my fault, Hope; they took it—the fiends, Hope. And they are coming now, coming for me. Save me, Hope, save me!"

A wild hope was leaping in Rayne Boughton's heart, a new light was pouring into his mind. Could it be? He almost shuddered to ask himself the question.

Far into the night he sat there listening to the ravings of the dying man—sat until the fluttering hands, the restless eyes motionless. Then he drew the covering reverently over the stiffening form, and turned silently away. The first beams of the coming sun were flushing the east; a solitary bird chirped sweetly. Rayne Boughton's eyes raised with adoring thankfulness. The sun of hope had risen in his heart; doubt had given place to truthful certainty.

Next day he followed the dead form to the grave, and then took his way northward.

The morning-sun cast straggling beams between the house-tops into the scantily-furnished room where Hope Warton sat busily writing. No rest for the aching fingers; their bread depended on the copying which her weary fingers performed.

On the neat bed a wasted form lay wearily complaining. Life was low in the dull, sunken eyes; the weary one was fast sinking to rest.

"Hush, Nellie," said Hope Warton's sympathizing voice. "You wear yourself out by your fretting. Compose yourself, Nellie; you have a baby to live for."

"He will never come again, Hope. I shall never see him again. I am dying. Hush, Hope, I feel it—dying. Oh baby, baby, how can I leave you!" She caught the wondering child beside her, and pressed it closely to her breast.

"I will be a mother to your child, Nellie. Fear not, I will care for baby."

Hope Warton's memory brought up that promise of long ago. How bitterly had it cost her to fulfill it! She had carried her cross bravely; she would not falter now. The peace that came into the dying mother's eyes amply repaid her.

It was all over. Hope Warton sat mournfully gazing upon her little charge. She was alone now. How desolate seemed the future! What agony to remember the past!

She heard not the eager steps ascending the stairs; she knew not that the presence for which she longed, above all others, was coming to her.

A quick-knock at the door aroused her; but before she had advanced a step it was flung open, a strong pair of arms were about her, a well-remembered voice sounding in her ears.

"Hope, darling! Thank God I have found you!"

One blissful moment she rested there; the joy of years seemed compressed into that moment. Then she remembered, and struggled to escape.

"Be quiet, Hope, I know all. How could you imagine that I loved you less because of poverty?"

Rayne Boughton's voice was reproachful; but Hope's gaze fearlessly met his.

"I heard you say that you would not marry a poor girl; that your wife must be above the suspicion of having married for money."

Rayne Boughton understood all now. How clearly the words came back to him. Brave, unselfish, wrong-ly-judged Hope, content to bear the flame rather than to expose another.

"Foolish words, darling, and bitterly atoned for. But it is past, Hope. Will you not forgive me? Be my wife, darling. Henceforth nothing shall separate us."

"I cannot,"

Her gaze rested wearily upon the child. Must the new promise mock her as the old had done—dash the brightness from her life just when it was most precious.

Rayne Boughton's gaze followed hers. The words spoken in the Southern hospital came back; the black garb of Hope revealed a fresh grave.

"Poor child!" he said, mournfully, "motherless, fatherless!"

Hope Warton knew that her brother had gone. He checked the words she would utter.

"I will be a father to it," he said, solemnly. Nay, Hope, you shall not refuse me."

And Hope Warton, leaning on that strong breast, could not deny him. Softly, amid her falling tears, she murmured:

"Through the shadows—"

"Into the light!" said the deep voice of Rayne Boughton, reverently.

NATIVE FERTILIZER.—Vast quantities of money are annually sent out from the South for foreign fertilizers. A discovery has been made, which we hope will result in retaining the most of this annual expenditure at home, thus adding greatly to the available resources of the South. It has recently come to light that there are, in the caves of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, immense quantities of bat guano, which analysis has proved to be superior to the Peruvian. These caves, of which there are eleven in number, have been infested, probably for hundreds of years, by millions of bats, which have hatched, lived and died there without ever seeing the light. The deposits that have accumulated from them are said to be almost inexhaustible. One of these caves alone is twenty-one in length. This guano has been tested on vegetation with the happiest effect. Besides stimulating the plant, it is said to act as an effectual safeguard against worms and bugs. It contains a large percent, more of ammonia than the Peruvian article, and is pronounced more valuable by those who have tried both. We saw some of this product yesterday at the commission house of Messrs. Lee & Taylor, and on smelling found the ammonia in it nearly as strong as in hartshorn. The caves are owned by five Confederate soldiers, who purchased them for five hundred dollars, and their means are too limited to permit them to work them on a scale that their importance demands. They, therefore, we learn, desire to dispose of an interest in them to procure capital with which to enlarge their operations. The secret was discovered by a nitro agent of the Confederacy during the war, and communicated to one of the present owners—Lynchburg Virginian.

STRAW FOR HORSES.—The value of straw as feeding substance was never better proved than by the following fact. A firm having a large number of heavy wagon horses, had frequent occasion for the veterinary surgeon until they were recommended to mix a certain portion of fine cut straw with the clover hay. This has been practised now for some years, and their bill for doctoring is at a minimum. The partner of the firm, who told me this, said how advantageous it was not to be deprived, as they formerly were, of several horses—to say nothing of the saving in expense and loss. The fact is, the food was too rich or too malitious, for I have often been told that fine hay, unmixed with straw chaff, balls in the stomach, and thus is deprived of action of the gastric juices. We know that too much succulent or rich grasses are injurious, and no doubt straw chaff mixed with it acts mechanically, if not chemically, with advantage. It would be well for our agricultural friends to know that for several thousand horses belonging to the London General Omnibus Company, the food is all passed through the chaff cutter with, I believe, a certain portion of straw. While Spring grazing our bullocks takes, we mix straw with it in their early growth, but as they advance to flowering and podding, this is not required, because there is much wheat and oats grown with this, which gets intermixed on passing through the chaff machine.—J. Mead.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed an archway who was chewing a green apple, "I've swallowed an old fellow." "An old fellow?" "Yes, he's giving me the grip."

WANTED.

1,000 YARDS

Country Wool Homespun.

At the Emporium Fashion.

POWELL & McDONALD.

August 13, 1869, 16—4f

PETER BRENNER,

PIANO MAKER.

Agent for the sale of the Celebrated Pianos Manufactured by Chickering & Sons, Geo. Steck & Co., Wm. Knabe & Co., and others. Also, Parlor and Church Organs, and dealer in all kinds of Musical Instruments, Strings, &c. 322 Broad Street, opposite Planter's Hotel, AUGUSTA, GA.

May 28, 1869, 5—4f

FREE TICKET

To The Show!

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber will "do well" to call and settle, or they will receive a free ticket to the show which will be opened by the "E-Squire" of the village.

J. J. CUNNINGHAM.

April 30, 1869, 1—4f

FISH.

1-2 Blue Fish, 1-2 "White", 1-2 "Picked Herring", 1-2 "Box smoked", 1-2 "Cod", 1-2 "Halibut",

On hand and for sale by

J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

Saddles, Brides, Harness, Collars and Saddle Bags.

FOR sale by

J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Lard, Cheese, Pepper, Spice, Indigo.

FOR sale by

J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

CORN, PEAS, BACON and FLOUR.

850 bushels prime white corn.

500 bushels prime white peas.

1000 lbs prime clean rib bacon sides.

100 barrels extra Family and sup. Flour.

Fresh meal and grits ready every week.

Use reserved and for sale by

McDONALD NORWOOD & CO.

June 25, 1869 9—4f

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE

HARDWARE and POCKET CUTLERY

FOR sale by

J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

OLD BOURBON.

We have for sale at Ninety-Six, S. C., a superior article of pure Bourbon Whiskey, made at Ashland Distillery, Lexington, Ky.

JAMES ROGERS, JR. & BROS.

May 21, 4—4f

BACON.

C. R. SIDES, SHOULDERS, CANNED HAM, VENISON, &c.

Just received by

J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

LEATHER.

HEMLOCK UPPER.

OAK TAN FRENCH CALF SKINS.

HARNESS LINING SKINS, &c.

Just received by

J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

CANS, OYSTERS, TOMATOES

and CORN, SARDINES, PICKLES, PEPPER-SAUCE

and MUSTARD.

FOR sale by

J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

NOTICE.

J. F. TOWNSEND,

DRUGGIST.

COKEBURY, S. C.,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that he has just received a full assortment of the very best

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,

Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Soaps,

Extracts, Perfumries,

PAPER, ENVELOPES,

HAIR DIES and RESTORATIVES OF THE BEST QUALITY.

And all articles usually kept by Druggists, his whole stock being just selected by DR. W. C. NORWOOD, in Baltimore and New York. In addition to his very complete stock of Drugs and Chemicals, he keeps constantly a supply of the very best qualities of

BRANDY,

WINE AND WHISKY,

For the sick, and family use, being recommended and tested by the physicians generally. Physicians' prescriptions and all orders filled with exactness, and any article called for not on hand promptly ordered.

Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him during the past year, he hopes by the most strict attention, to merit a continuance of the same, promising to keep constantly a supply of all articles needed by the public generally.

Respectfully,

J. F. TOWNSEND.

Feb 12, 1869, 42—4f

NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the late John H. Wilson deceased, will present copies of their demands properly probated to the undersigned, as soon as convenient.

R. E. BOWIE,

L. C. WILSON,

Administrators.

May 7, 1869, 2—4f

CARRIAGE AND WAGON

SHOP.

CHARLES COX

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he is prepared to build to order, BUGGIES and LIGHT ROCKAWAYS, and to do all kinds of CARRIAGE and WAGON WORK at short notice, and on reasonable terms. All new work warranted for twelve months.

February 25, 1869, 44—4f